

ON THE  
Prince's going to England,  
WITH AN  
ARMY,  
To Restore the Government.

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*Hunc saltem everſo Juvenem ſuccurrere Sæclo  
Ne prohibete.*—Virg. Georg. Lib. i.

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ONce more a *FATHER* and a *SON* falls out,  
The World involving in their high Diſpute:  
Remoteſt *India's Fate* on *theirs* depends,  
And *Europe*, trembling, the Event attends.  
Their Motions ruling every other State,  
As on the Sun's the leſſer Planets wait.  
*Power* warms the Father, *Liberty* the Son,  
A Prize, well worth th' uncommon Venture run:  
Him a falſe Pride to Govern unreſtrain'd,  
And by bad Means, bad Ends to be attain'd;  
All Bars of Property drives headlong through,  
Millions oppreſſing to Inrich a Few.  
Him Juſtice urges, and a Noble Aim  
To equal his Progenitors in Fame,  
And make his Life as Glorious as his Name.  
For Law and Reaſon's Power he does engage,  
Againſt the Reign of Appetite and Rage.  
There all the Liſenſe of unbounded Might:  
Here conſcious Honour, and deep ſenſe of Right,  
Immortal Enmity to Arms incite.  
Greatneſs the one, Glory the other Fires,  
This only can deſerve what that deſires.  
This ſtrives for all that e're to men was dear,  
And he for what they moſt abhor and fear.  
*Cæſar* and *Pompey's* Cauſe by *Cato* thought  
So ill adjudg'd, to a new Tryal's brought,  
Again at laſt *Pharſalia* muſt be fought.  
Ye fatal Siſters! now to *Right* be Friends,  
And make Mankind for *Pompey's* Fate amend:  
In *Orange's* Great Line, 'tis no new thing,  
To Free a Nation, and Uncrown a King.